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Box 1

FANATICISM—
WHOLESALE
AND
RETAIL

GEORGE S. ARUNDALE

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A WORD BY WAY OF EXPLANATION

FROM time to time even the most beautiful of instruments need tuning—what to say of others. In January last I found my own poor instrument needed tuning. It was out of tune, unmelodious, unharmonious. I could have gone on playing it in its disharmonious condition, but I should have constantly been making a noise; and there is already enough noise in the world. So I decided to tune the strings of my instrument anew, to tune them a little more in unison with Myself. To this end I went into Retreat, into a meditation, into what I like to call a brooding, and I remained in it for many months. I did this partly because I hate to be out of tune, and partly because there is a special melody I want to play these coming years, and an ill-tuned instrument would ruin it. Not that I claim my instrument now to be in perfect tune. My ear is not yet

perfectly developed. But it plays better than it did, at least I hope it does. I draw my bow across a string or two in this little series of booklets. How do the notes sound to your ears? Do they ring true to you? Or, if your own instrument has been recently tuned, is there, in your judgment, still need of a little adjustment? Or perhaps you have another octave, another chord, another note, in the Universal Scale of Life? I may not agree with you, but what does that matter?

I draw my bow across a string—

No. 1. Krishnaji : Light-Bringer.

I draw my bow again—

No. 2. The Joy of Catastrophe.

No. 3. Go Your Own Way.

*No. 4. Fanaticism—Wholesale and
Retail.*

No. 5. Shadows and Mountains.

No. 6. Some Intolerable Tyrannies.

I shall draw my bow again if the above receive sufficient welcome.

GEORGE S. ARUNDALE

FANATICISM—WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

HEREBY I enter a plea for tolerance and understanding. I want to respect and, if I may say so, love my friends and elders in my own way, as best I can, freely, unrestrainedly, and not according to set formulæ. I want to cherish the causes dear to my heart in my own way, as best I can, freely, unrestrainedly, and not according to set formulæ. Who and what is preventing you, I shall be told. Nobody and nothing, is my reply. But it is neither good for leaders nor causes that they should be in danger of encirclement by repelling fanaticism.

That danger exists to-day. There are quite a number of people, good people in their way, who, upon receiving a truth, distort it into a dogma, make it a test of loyalty, a touchstone of decent behaviour. It must be apprehended just as they

happen to apprehend it. It must be expressed just as they happen to express it. No song of praise *solo*. Either you are fit for the chorus or you are fit for nothing, worth nothing, are to be ignored, despised, rejected. You may worship in your own way, but it is no true worship because it is not worship in "our" way. If you cannot see as "we" see you are blind, even though you see something else, or think you see something else. Though "we" cannot see what you say you can see, "*we*" are not blind. "We" cannot see it because it is not there, however much you may be sure you see it. What "we" see exists. What "we" do not see is non-existent.

These set formulæ of orthodoxy, of conformity, have their origin either in authority or in prejudice or in stage of evolution. "X says. I accept. There is nothing more and nothing less to be said." "X says" is one of the most terrible bludgeons wherewith the fanatic seeks to

spread desolation and confusion among the non-conformists. "X says. Subscribe, or be for ever, or for a very long time, damned. At least keep out of our charmed circle. Do not pollute it with your presence and traitorous attitudes." Such is the fate prepared by the fanatic for all who are so bereft of all respect and decency as to believe that while what X says must have, because of X's possible wisdom and possibly obvious pre-eminence, all reverence, yet they must first make what he says their own, and feel it is far more important for them to say "I say" even than to say "X says," regarding what X says as predominantly valuable in helping them to say "I say" with a bigger and nobler "I".¹

¹ It will be noticed from a perusal of this booklet that I have confined my observations regarding fanatics largely to those who are the misguided, selfish and mischievous devotees of some person, whom I have called "X". I have done this deliberately so as to avoid endless repetition and possibly much confusion and complicated phraseology. But it should be clearly understood that I might in exactly the same way have confined myself to the devotees of "X" a book or of "X" a school of thought or of "X" a public sentiment or of "X" some specific

“X says” is the orthodoxy of a modern caste system, far more rigid than any existing caste systems, since the latter are breaking to pieces while the former is likely to be in process of solidification. “X says. Therefore it is so. Conform, and you are of the highest caste. Be ever so slightly hesitant, and you are untouchable. If you accept and conform as ‘we’ do you are a dear brother. If not, you are an outcaste and we have nothing more to do with you.” Thus we have the inquisition back again. There is doubtless no

convention, and so forth. My remarks apply to all. There are objectionable fanatics of all sorts, and I simply selected one particular type for convenience. One kind is as bad as another, but those who are fanatics with regard to “X” a person are, especially if he or she be living, particularly deadly, for they must in the nature of things have been more or less newly converted, and there are none so violent as the newly converted, whether to a creed, an opinion, or a person. I have tried towards the end of this little booklet to say a word for the fanatic. I sympathise with him even if he is quite impossible, for I well know how easy it is to become possessed by an idea or by an individual and in the throes of the possession to be on the verge, if not actually in the grip, of madness or at least of complete irresponsibility. And as for the fanatic who centres his fanaticism about himself, even though it may be evoked from outside, well, he is minding his own business and is leaving others to mind theirs. But a stand must

burning of physical bodies, but an infinitely more effective mode of torture in the burning, the scorching, of minds and feelings. Poor X may be sublimely unaware of the atrocities practically committed in his name, for the perpetrators, I should call them perpe-traitors, cloak their activities in the garb of devotion and loyalty; but they hover round the object of their devotion jealously watchful against any entry of an attitude not hall-marked with "X says". Ever encircled by two great rings of their followers' making—a ring of fire, the fire

be made against all the innumerable permutations and combinations of bludgeoning in which the former class of fanatic indulges, and my remarks refer to such fanatics whether they be obsessed by persons, by books, by sentiments or by anything else. I have had, we all have had, persons, books, opinions, sentiments, hurled at us in a most objectionable manner. I will even add that I may myself have been guilty of this authority-slinging, and I am heartily ashamed of it. Let us be utterly ruthless with ourselves and appreciatively respectful of other people. Let us go our own way and be comrades with others who are not going our way, or who are appearing not to go our own way. Thus far fanaticism, but no farther. When a fanatic oversteps the limits of decency, to say nothing of true brotherhood, then for the sake of freedom he must be fought. And it is he whom I fight in this booklet.

of indignant repudiation, a ring of ice, the ice of haughty and cold disapproval—the really great are often condemned to move on their appointed roads, of course breaking through these rings, of course sending forth their Message in spite of them, but with greater difficulty.

Near to every great one are a few who form such rings, seeking to imprison the object of their distorted devotion within tests and trials of their own invention, so that few (the privileged few) save the orthodox may approach the altar, thus seeking to degrade their idol down to the level and measure of their own disordered imaginings. He may say what he likes in repudiation of their antics. He may condemn the very things they do. Yet they go blissfully on their way, hearing his teaching, sitting at his feet, ecstatically adoring, committing all the time the very crimes he may be so unreservedly denouncing.

X says is the trial by authority. *This is what he means* is the trial by orthodoxy.

Either one survives the trials through acquiescence—genuine or expedient, or one is condemned with the verdict that there are none so blind as those who *will not* see. These are the tests and trials whereby the pathway to the leader is bestrewn. Now it is true that the leader may strongly repudiate these tests and trials. He may declare there are no tests and trials on the road to him save those of the individual's own making. He may say that all are free to approach him, that there is no authority standing in the way, no orthodoxy standing in the way. Yet the obstacles remain. They exist, be it only in the atmosphere of attitude ; for a fanatic can rarely change his skin even at the behest of his teacher. He can try to conform. He can outwardly submit. But even this is successful only for a time. Until the fire of personal tribulation and distress consumes his fanaticism, until he personally suffers as he has made others suffer, no word of teacher will do more than send

his fanaticism to sleep for the briefest while. He must enter the outermost courts into which he has sought to drive the subjects of his narrow intolerance, and therein must he purge himself of his ruthless selfishness.

Even if an individual succeeds in making his way into the *sanctum sanctorum*, and finds himself, as indeed he will, heartily welcome there, he will be pursued by the maleficence of the unctuous—their rending thoughts and feelings will sear him as he passes within, will seek to burn him as he “desecrates the sanctuary”. Be the welcome of the teacher ever so warm, the glowering gaze of the sentinels without is an experience never to be forgotten and not lightly to be endured even for the sake of the kindness in the eye of the teacher himself.

But the two trials I have already mentioned are not the only weapons of offence at the disposal of the fanatic. He literally pursues his victims with his virulence. Once

a dog is given a bad name because he has not conformed, there is nothing he can do, nothing he can say, which is not an example of his wickedness. Even if his words cannot be twisted by any machinations of fanatical ingenuity, there is always the motive behind them. Here is a splendid field for the delightful and exciting pastime of attributing of evil motives. The words are there, perhaps unassailable. Ah ! but what sinister meaning is behind their apparent innocence. There is this, there is that, there is the other. Do you not see what he is driving at ? Do you not perceive the base insinuation ? Of course, if unfortunately the words themselves happen to be vulnerable—they are very likely to be, in view of the diabolical cunning of all fanatics—then fanaticism will revel unrestrained both in the words and in the invented motives behind them. The dog's bad name is complete in every syllable, and he is to all intents and purposes hanged.

The hanging will be according to the type of the fanatic. The proud fanatic will hang him with a blast of tremendous disdain—a blend of Napoleon and Mussolini. The tearful fanatic will hang him with a sob of self-satisfied compassion, and as the corpse is lowered into the grave crocodile's tears will stream forth upon it—a watery grave, indeed. The intellectual fanatic will hang him with a rope constructed of the strands of narrow, hard repulsive "logic" interwoven with the bugbear and hobgoblin of consistency, and as he watches the corpse swinging in the air will shrug his shoulders at the sight of so unfortunate an end to mindlessness. Then there is the emotional fanatic, an individual built on a slightly larger scale than his tearful friend. The emotional fanatic will proceed to the hanging thrilled with an ecstasy blended from the combination of a sense of entrancing martyrdom to stern duty and a sense of thankfulness, deep and delightful, that he is not as are some

others. How sorry he is for them. How perfectly charmed with himself. And so some poor dogs indeed die, fanaticised to death, bludgeoned to death with the bludgeon of another's self-righteousness, stoned to death with the stone of "X says," with the stone of "This is what he means," with the stone of "This is the truth. There is no other truth but this. And it is a jealous truth". To the fanatic is the karma of standing between the Light of the teacher and the upturned gaze of these poor dogs, so that they die when they might live; so that they are denied the joy of living unto the teacher in their own way because that way is not the way of the fanatic.

But there are other dogs more virile who, though given a bad name, perhaps many bad names, by no means submit to be hanged. They live on—sadly, perchance, ruggedly, lonely. But they live on, and look the fanatic in the face. "X says" is thundered forth. "This is what he means" is hurled

at them as from a catapult. "This is the truth. There is none other" would grip them in its strangling hands. And these other dogs refuse to be cowed, intimidated, overwhelmed.

Ostracism, condemnation, malicious distorting gossip, do not even bring them to their knees. They have work to do and Life to live. As for what X says, perchance knowing X they may respect, reverence, both X and what he says. If they know what X knows, "X says" will be no more than valued confirmation of "I say". To the menace of "X says" they will counter: "I know, too. Even had X not said, *I* should have said. What I know is more to me even than what X has said." If they do not know what X knows, then "X says" will yet be of deepest interest to them. Nothing intervening, they may take firm stand upon X's statement. "X says . . . therefore I *say*." They will not say: "I know," for that would be a lie. They accept, they do not know.

But they will not be as their persecutors. They will not, in overweening conceit, demand that the spiritual respectability of another shall be determined by his capacity to pass the specific artificial tests through which they have been able to pass because they have made them to their own size. They will not say that so and so is no true man because his attitude towards "X says" is different from theirs. They will say: "X says so and so. This appeals to me. I accept it. I think it might appeal to you. No? Well, well; you surely have your own ways of getting at things. We can't all look at the same thing in the same way. It is wonderful enough if we are looking at the same thing. There is comradeship enough in that, without it being necessary to look at it exactly from the same point of view."

But suppose something does intervene, so that they cannot quite accept the statement involved in "X says". What then? They will not be such fools as to

deny. They will wait and see. They will suspend judgment. They may perhaps be bold enough to give, deferentially, humbly, diffidently, an "I say" which differs from "X says". "I see this, but I do not quite see that." Indeed is this a bold step, for while a negative reaction to "X says" is irritating enough to the wolves of fanaticism, positive difference rouses them to fury. To dare to advance, even with all due reverence, an alternative reading of a situation summed up otherwise in an "X says" is to these wolves nothing short of anathema, and they would rend with tooth and nail the unfortunate seeker after truth who dares to say that he sees the truth, blind though he may be, blind though no doubt he is, otherwise than as X has set it forth. It becomes rank blasphemy to say: "I see otherwise than X"; blasphemy even though the phrase be added: "No doubt I am wrong. No doubt I shall change. But for the moment this is the best I can see."

Generally, the fanatic does not stop even for a moment to listen to the heresy. It must on no account pollute his ears. It is treason even to be in its vicinity. The merest sound imperils the safety of his soul. He must hurry off with Pecksniff writ large all over him to hobnob with cronies of his ilk, to perform with them the exhilarating ritual of holding up the hands in holy horror over the victim whom they have had the opportunity to vivisection under the, to him, doubtful anæsthetic of his absence, doubtful seeing that their thoughts and their feelings, fortified by horrid community of intention, reach him wherever he may be and lacerate him to his very soul. And together they damn this truth-seeker, stamp upon him, leprous in thought and feeling as they deem him.

As for "this is what he means," the crime of difference of interpretation is less than that of inability to react in perfect accord to the note of "X says". It is unfortunate, of course, that the poor

dog should not be able to see that "this" must be, is, what "he means". Such inability excludes from respectable society the poor creature who suffers from the disease, or at best he may now and then move about in such society as a poor relation, compassionately tolerated in a spirit of benignant forgiveness of his unfortunate limitations. But he may recover in due course from this minor ailment, whereas the most loving, the most humble, the most reverential, challenge—even the word 'challenge' itself is somewhat strong—is moral, intellectual, emotional, and practically physical, leprosy.

Then there is "this is the truth—there is no other". But . . . ? "NO, SIR! This *is* the truth. There is *no other*." May we not . . . ? "NO, SIR." And to this utterance of the declaiming fanatic is often added an acquiescent chorus of fellow fanatics. In the fanatics' camp the poor dog looks round in vain for a friend, for someone who will have the courage to

encourage his bid for respectful freedom. He finds no one, the gates of hostility are slammed in his face, and for him neither is there friendliness nor generosity. He becomes an outcaste, and the brand of "NO, SIR" upon his brow is as the brand of Cain. Within the gates, conformity once more reigns undisturbed. Yet conformity is not always knowledge, it is sometimes fear, sometimes greed. Too often conformity is the piece of silver which the weak hope will be accepted at the box-office in payment for an admission ticket to the kingdom of Heaven. Let me open myself to attack by saying: "NO SIR! Not conformity, but truth of your own garnering is the price of admission to the kingdom of Heaven or to any other kingdom."

Let those who would trim truth to fit their meagre forms, and force it therein, who would, perhaps, command truth to lie down on their beds of Procrustes, ponder on the answer of the Christ in the course of

the following wonderful episode, assuming it took place at all—if it did not take place it ought to have—set forth in the Gospel according to S. John, xviii, 37, 38 *et seq.* :

Pilate therefore said unto him, Art thou a king then? Jesus answered, Thou sayest that I am a king. To this end was I born, and for this cause came I into the world, that I should bear witness unto the truth. Every one that is of the truth heareth my voice.

Pilate saith unto him, What is truth?

And when he had said this, he went out again unto the Jews, and saith unto them, I find in him no fault at all.

Did not the Christ answer with the supreme answer, not to be recorded, the answer of Silence, since words can but hide and confine truth—truth which must be sought in the Silence? Did not Pontius Pilate understand the answer of the Silence, and did he not marvel at it, for “he went out again unto the Jews, and saith unto them, I find in him no fault at all”?

Thus go the unhangable dogs on their tempestuous way. If they be sensitive

dogs their lives will be a hell, whatever the courage with which they endure it, for they will be eager for friendship with all, they will hope that sincere difference of opinion may not cleave friendship, that brotherly unity will nobly stand the test of differences—yet though thus eager, thus hoping, they will everywhere be met with coldness, disdain, contempt, and with an aversion as from disloyalty and betrayal. If they be dogs indifferent to the barkings of these fanatical mongrels, indifferent as are the strong that

. . . the sham men yelp at their carriage wheels

As the small dog barks at the big dog's heels,
their lives will run smoothly, fury will beat against them impotently, and indeed will they the more rapidly gain strength and power, become the more quickly spiritually hardy, as the result of the persecution to which they are

subjected. The sensitive dog will first have to acquire the virtue of indifference, insensitiveness; and a hard lesson it is to learn. But of a verity he is at school. He is learning in the school of adversity, a far harder school than that of prosperity and ease, but in which those master-teachers—Pain and Suffering—ensure to their pupils quick progress and assured success in the great examinations of Life.

And the fanatics proceed with their fanaticism, growing day by day more narrow, more intolerant, more proud, more self-righteous, more vindictive, more cruel, until retribution overtakes them, until it is meted out to them as they have meted out to others, until they reap the fruit of their fanaticism in themselves turning against those very idols at whose altars they have offered the victims of their hate. Ask them to-day, and they will tell you that their devotion, their loyalty, their obedience, is as a citadel, indestructible, eternal. Yet all the time the

dynamite of selfish pride is boring its way beneath, and a to-morrow will come when the Fire of Love and Justice will touch it, the citadel will crumble into pieces, and they shall wander themselves outcastes in that world of loneliness into which they sought to cast the objects of their venom. To-day may be their day. To-day they may triumph. To-day they may congregate together and play together with the toys of self-righteousness. To-day they may feast upon the characters they believe they have torn to pieces among them. Let them beware of the inevitable to-morrow, for upon to-day our Lord the Sun shall set, upon their revellings He shall in due course set, and the coming dawn shall see them slaves where they had thought themselves kings.

I have written in the preceding pages of the fanatics who move in herds, who become adipose upon external authority, who, perceiving a truth, twist it out of shape, solidify it into all possible hardness,

and hurl it against the non-member of the herd with all the force and ingenuity pride and ignorance can command. I have suggested that the inquisitions of days gone by are as nothing compared with the inquisitions of to-day. I have suggested that as many crimes are committed to-day in the name of Truth, Brotherhood, Freedom, as were committed in the name of religion in the past, as perhaps are committed in the name of religion to-day. But I have not done with the fanatic. There is not only the fanatic who moves in herds, in a herd which for the time being reigns supreme, and revolt against the dictates of which is *lese majesté* unforgivable. There is also the equally objectionable fanatic who moves alone, or in the company of just a few. The top-dog fanatic is unpleasantly tyrannical, nauseatingly superior, disgustingly proud. The bottom-dog fanatic is also nauseatingly superior and disgustingly proud. He is not tyrannical because, as a rule, he has no power. But he is a nasty

little cancerous growth, always cavilling, always in petulant opposition, always seeking to undermine, always depreciatory, always denying good motives, always ascribing bad motives, always snapping, no less self-righteous than the top-dogs, no less cruel, no less active against brotherhood. Like his brother the top-dog he moves about in the illusion of the unreal under the delusion that he is in the world of the Real.

We know this breed of fanatic no less well than we know the other breed. We may have been victims of the persecutions of both. The more individual fanatic also has his "X says," but while for the herd-fanatic X is often a living being, for the individual fanatic X is most likely to be an individual sufficiently deeply imbedded in the past to be unable effectively to protest against the lies and distortions of his modern self-constituted devotee. The living X can, of course, protest, and no doubt sometimes will, but even he labours under the

disadvantage of rarely knowing what crimes are committed in his name or because of him, for his devotees will play in his presence parts entirely different from those more natural expressions in which they disport themselves in his absence.

The individual fanatic, then, has an "X says" of his own, no less vitriolic, no less antagonising, uncompromising, no less poisonous. Or, if he has no particular "X says," then he has a smirking "I say" which is no better, though it could not be any worse. There is an unpleasant exudation of exultation in the possession of the only genuine attitude, the only genuine truth, the only genuine outlook. Unmitigated contempt for the widely-spread spurious oozes blackly from every thought and feeling, word and action, and the very universality of the spurious delights the individual fanatic, for it sets him in more startling contrast, and in the armour of splendid isolation he feels a

very Titan. To all this he adds a luscious but supremely ludicrous placidity in a martyrdom which almost everyone else but he and his cronies knows to be non-existent. And he hugs, positively hugs, to himself the pride-feeding sense of an exalted crucifixion, of being misunderstood no less than all *other* Benefactors of the world, of being ALONE as Others have been ALONE, but of having a heart rich in noble forgiveness—"for they know not what they do"!

I suppose it is a case of six of one and half a dozen of the other. Fanatics from whatever kennel are objectionable, for apart from what they may do their very attitudes are continuous exhibitions of Pecksniffianism. Now I do not object to a fanatic *per se*. I am inclined to think we must all pass through varying degrees of fanaticism. I have been—perhaps am—a fanatic myself, and as I write this little pamphlet I am hoping that my own fanaticism, such as it is and if any, is self-centred and has no dreams of autocratic

and tyrannical empire outside itself. Fanaticism of this kind may well help to exalt a man, only he must be as the lotus, he must work his way through the mud at the bottom into the clean water and fresh air on the surface. Perhaps the word 'fanaticism' is inappropriate for association with the idea of exaltation. But I venture to use it, for after all fanaticism is but an exaggerated swing of the pendulum of growth, in its exaggeration highly mischievous and dangerous, possibly even fatal to the cause and to the individual to the support of which it is directed, the cancer in the best of causes, yet nonetheless an exaggeration which has its value and from which recovery may be made and reasonable balance restored. And if I have written in superlative terms of fanatical fanaticism it is to point the way to the speedy restoration of comparative, though non-rigid, balance. But it is far, far better to be a fanatic than to be nothing at all. It is far better to be spikey than spineless. It

is far better to be objectionable than unnoticeable. It is far better to be anything rather than nothing. But it is also far, far better to be wise rather than foolish. It is far better to help rather than to hinder. It is far better to widen rather than to narrow. It is far better to include rather than to exclude. It is better to love than to hate. And let the aggressive fanatic remember that every particle of his fanaticism is steadily killing the cause or person it professes to serve. Every fanatic tends to generate hatred towards his cause or leader, for fanaticism, born of hatred, expressing hatred, breeds hatred—hatred of that which it champions.

Agreement and disagreement are of little moment compared with the manner of agreement, the manner of disagreement. Let us all be emphatic, certain—if we will—definite, strong; but may not courtesy clothe these, may they not walk abroad in the garments of true, real, not artificial, respect for others, and for that which is

different from them? Let us by all means say "X says." Let us by all means say "This is the truth." Let us, if we feel we must, even say "This is what he means." But let us never desecrate these into the shape of bludgeons wherewith to stun, or stones wherewith to injure. Let them be adornments in our gardens, and let us invite all who will to enter and admire. Is our purpose to justify and exalt ourselves or to glorify the True? If the latter—and I fear this is not the case with the fanatic who is still in the clutches of the mud—then while we may draw attention to the True as we see it, is it not better on the whole and in general as far as possible to let the True speak for itself, uninterpreted, unexplained, unlabelled, rather than to make it dumb before the squeak and rattle of our childish, hollow and discordant voices? That which we ourselves see to-day, that in which to-day we rejoice, that the knowledge of which to-day assures us we have reached

the goal, that which tells us to-day we have at last reached heaven to go out no more, may, if we see in selfish pride, if we rejoice in selfish pride, if we are assured in selfish pride, be veiled from us to-morrow and thenceforth, until all selfish pride has disappeared. There are many, many records of the fall of those who have thought that they stood, who have "known" that they stood, who have said with utmost intensity of fervour: AT LAST. FOR EVERMORE. "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall"; the fanatic is indeed on the edge of a precipice.

May I appeal to those who lead to guard most diligently against unconscious, yet nonetheless deadly, betrayals of their life's work by fanatics whose fanaticism may cringe unnoticed in the background in the presence of the leader, but which outside stalks unrestrainedly and ruthlessly abroad seeking what it may devour? For their own purposes wolves know how to assume sheep's clothing. Or, to be

more charitable, and, in the case of some, more true, while often in the presence of the teacher the dross is for the time melted in his fire, though, not, I fear, consumed, and the gold shines forth undimmed, the moment proximity to the fire is gone the gold becomes dull and the dross hardens into prominence.

May I appeal to those who lead to go out of their way to display kindliness to the unorthodox, kindliness to those who do not happen to be hall-marked with the stamp, fashioned by their devotees and not by themselves, which singles out an individual, in the eyes of these devotees, as fit for the fold?

May I appeal to those who lead to make clear the fact that they recognise as sheep of the One Fold of which they may be among the shepherds those who may not belong to the particular fold in the midst of which, from the midst of which, they happen for the moment to be shepherdising?

May I appeal to those who lead to make clear in what nearness to them lies, to make clear, perhaps, that all are truly near to them? May I appeal to leaders to pay overt honour to all pure, unproud, simple, brotherly sincerity, even though it may differ in texture from other sincerity?

May I ask those who lead to remember that persons who have been, and perhaps are, the victims of fanaticism are liable to be a little shy, a little doubtful as to the nature of the welcome they will receive, as to the interpretation that may be placed by self-constituted guardians of the sanctuary upon their venture within its precincts?

May I appeal to those who lead to strive to accept happily just as much as in all sincerity the giver can offer, not suffering their disciples and followers, that is those near to them, to repel with the cruel and killing words: "It is not enough"? The heartfelt utmost is ever

enough, even though it fall far short of the utmost of another.

If leaders will arise and restrain and mellow the fanatic all will be well. If leaders will show him how to make his fanaticism profitable alike to himself and to his cause, instead of being, as it generally is, disruptive of both, all will be well. If leaders will go well out of their way to honour sincere, heartfelt, and unmistakably *brotherly* independence, difference of opinion, doubt, difficulty, all will be well.

If leaders will ruthlessly stamp out unbrotherliness both at home, and where possible abroad, encouraging honest differences which, if they are really honest, can in no way imperil comradeship, but rather will intensify it, then all will be well.

We have Life in abundance. We have teaching in abundance. We have Truth in abundance. Now have we to live all these. Now have we to be true. Now have we to learn. And each according to his

understanding. But if we forget friendliness, sincere friendliness, friendliness which triumphs over all differences be they what they may, then the life of the teacher, the truth of the teacher, his teaching, will be in vain; and those who forget friendliness will be traitors to him in their hearts though they may extol him with their actually, though not intentionally, deceitful lips.

Is there any kind of fanaticism that can be safely tolerated? Is there any kind which leaders can safely leave alone? I think there is, as I have already suggested. I think we can tolerate fanaticism which exclusively concerns itself with its possessor, which, as I have said before, is self-centred (though very likely evolved from without) and makes no bid for autocratic and tyrannical external empire, which demands naught from others and everything from such possessor. I think we can tolerate fanaticism which makes an individual intolerant of himself,

which makes him lash himself, which makes him impatient with himself, which makes him ruthlessly apply to himself the lessons he knows he has to learn, which permits of not an atom of self-condonation, of self-satisfaction, but is a hard task-master driving him relentlessly on the road to Self-realisation. I think we can tolerate fanaticism which, thus ruthless with its possessor, minds its own business, reverently leaving others to mind theirs. We can tolerate a fanaticism which is strictly personal, private, though not necessarily confidential. We can tolerate a fanaticism which scrupulously observes the laws of trespass. We can tolerate a fanaticism which exhorts, thunders, demands, denies—but in all courtesy, and impersonally. But all other fanaticism is intolerable, and the fanatic who does not mind his own business, who directly or indirectly seeks to bring into existence a Tribunal of Conformity with power to inflict pains and penalties, including torture,

in cases where the accused is convicted of non-conformity, or who tortures with cold and haughty aloofness—perhaps barking at the slightest sound offensive to his ears, such a fanatic is suffering from a disease highly infectious and contagious, and must be treated accordingly, though in all kindness.

I conclude with a little advice to us all, in the form of a story.

At a certain point in the discussion during the course of the framing of the Constitution of the United States excitement grew, angry words were bandied about, and fanaticism was about to reign in place of sweet reasonableness. At this point intervened Benjamin Franklin with the following golden words:

It is . . . to be feared that the members of this Convention are not in a temper, at this moment, to approach the subject in which we differ in this spirit [a subject which should be

approached with caution, treated with tenderness, and decided on with liberality and candour]. I would, therefore, propose, Mr. President, that, without proceeding further in this business at this time, the Convention shall adjourn for three days, in order to let the present ferment pass off, and to afford time for a more full, free, and dispassionate investigation of the subject; and I would earnestly recommend to the members of this Convention, that they spend the time of this recess, not in associating with their own party, and devising new arguments to fortify themselves in their old opinions, but that they mix with members of opposite sentiments, lend a patient ear to their reasonings, and candidly allow them all the weight to which they may be entitled. . . .

There is with us no occasion for adjournments, but there is ever occasion for happy understanding, and Benjamin Franklin's advice to his co-Conventionists to occupy themselves less in bolstering up their own convictions and more in trying appreciatively to understand the convictions of others may well be followed by us all.

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